

NO.
19

BLACK

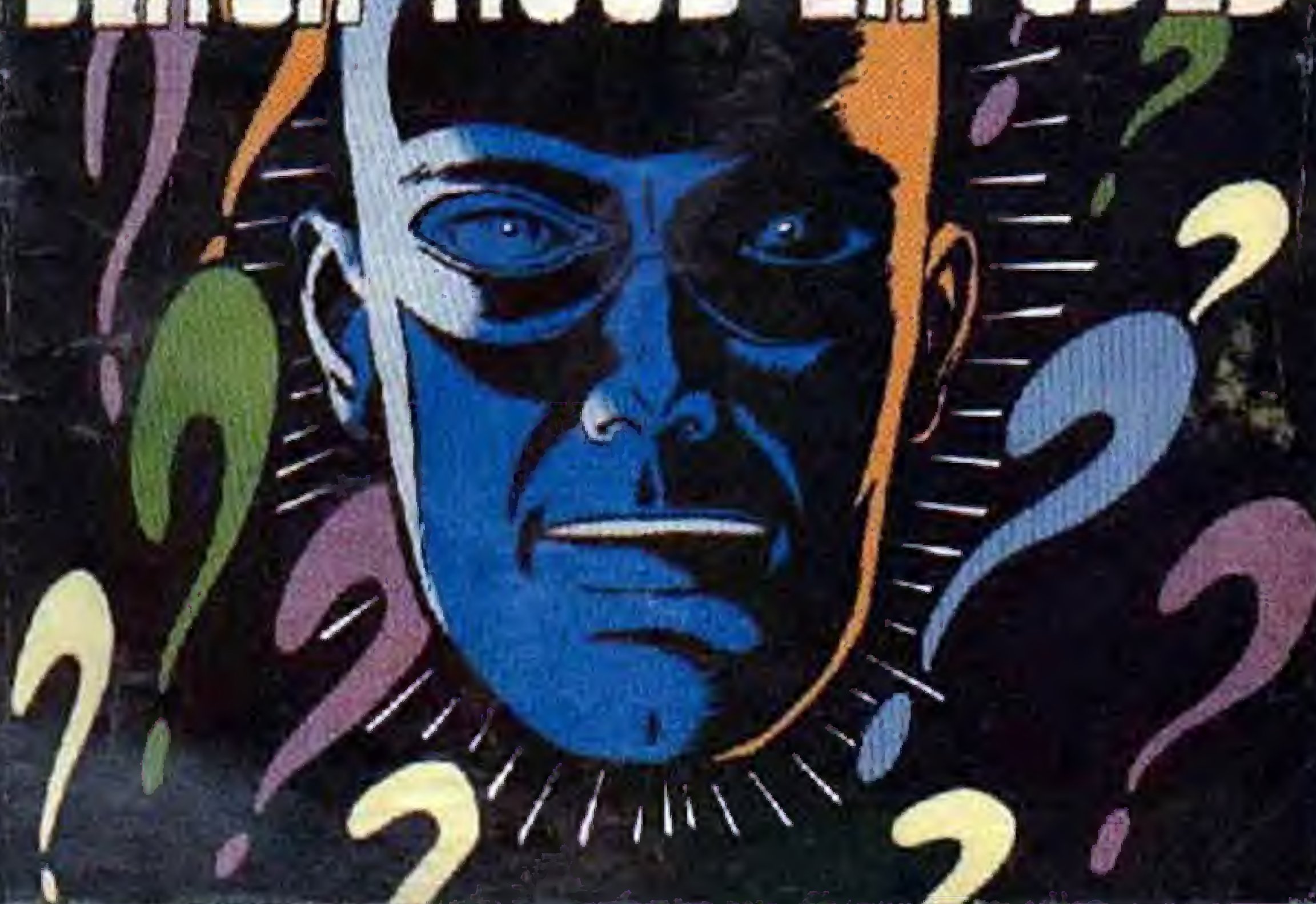
AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

10¢
K

#HOOD

comics

IS THE
BLACK HOOD EXPOSED





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

• WHY BE FAT? REDUCE *the lazy way*

NO EXERCISE! NO LAXATIVES!

LOSE 8 to 10 LBS. A MONTH!

*Slim down to your own
lovely figure!*

Just follow simple scientific directions of Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan. Six to eight weeks from now, look in mirror and see the amazing difference.

Given with order:

With our order you are given a full 30 days supply of KELPIDINE for use as part of your breakfast each day. NOTE: There is Medical Authority that KELPIDINE (fucus) has been used as an anti-fat and as an aid to reducing.

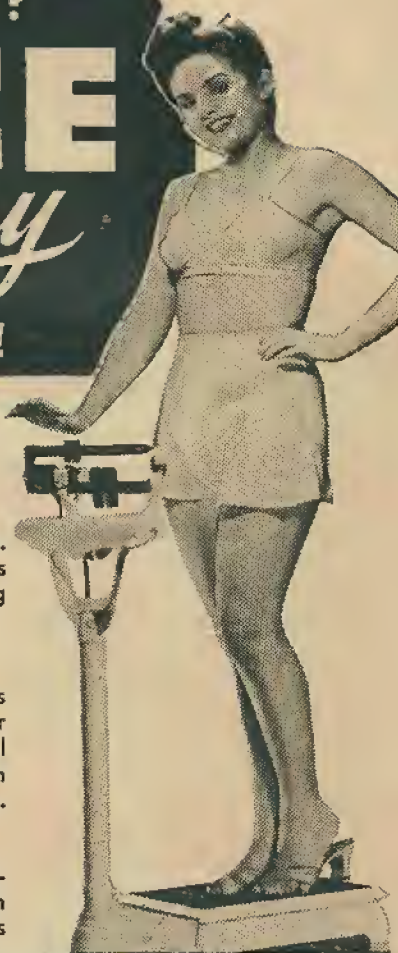
No risk trial offer:

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"I went from a size 20 dress to a size 15". Mrs. N. C., Perth Amboy, N. J.
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Money-Back Guarantee



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"This method of reducing includes sufficient quantity of the various essential foods necessary for the maintenance of health...it should result in weight reduction..."

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FULL 30-DAY SUPPLY

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Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's supply of KELPIDINE and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, to be sent to me postage prepaid. My money will be refunded if I am not satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

☐ I ENCLOSE \$2.00 SEND THE PLAN AND THREE MONTHS SUPPLY.

THE *Black Hood*

VERSUS NEEDLENOODLE



IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE
COMMISSIONER...

AND I'M TELLING
YOU, SERGEANT, IT'S
THE **BLACK
HOOD** I WANT..
NOT EXUSES!

S..BUT..
COMMISH...

NO BUTS, SERGEANT,
MC. GINTY! EITHER YOU
BRING HIM IN, OR IT'LL
MEAN **YOUR STRIPES!**

WHEW!

BACK AT THE POLICE STATION!

AND HE SAID, IF I
DON'T CATCH THE
BLACK HOOD,
HE'LL HAVE ME
POUNDIN'
PAVEMENTS!

WHY, MC. GINTY, IF YOU **REALLY**
WANTED TO, YOU COULD REACH
RIGHT OUT AND **TOUCH**
THE **BLACK HOOD** THIS
VERY MOMENT!

ARE YOU
TRYIN' TO
BE FUNNY?

BY GEORGE.. I'LL
GET 'IM IF IT'S
THE **LAST** THING
I DO! I'LL SHOW 'EM!



WELL S'LONG
KIP! GOTTA SEE
A TYPEWRITER
ABOUT A STORY.
AND DON'T FORGET
MUM'S THE
WORD!

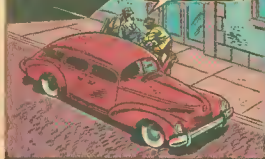
MEANWHILE...

ME HEAD
ACHES FROM
THINKIN' ABOUT
IT-- SOME SLEEP
WOULD SURE
DO ME GOOD!

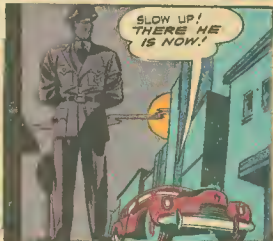


OKAY, HEAVE HIM INTO
THE CAR QUICK,
AND LET'S GET
ROLLIN'!

YEAH! NOW
FOR THE NEXT
PART OF OUR JOB.
CATCHIN' UP WITH
HIS PAL, THE
COPPER, BURLAND!



SLOW UP!
THERE HE
IS NOW!



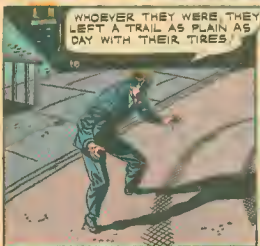
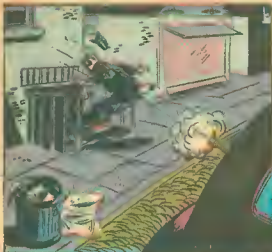
MEANWHILE...

GEE, I CAN'T GET MAC
OFF MY MIND! IT'D BREAK
HIS HEART, IF HE EVER
LOST HIS STRIPES!



WHAT THE...
SAM HILL! AND MC
GINTY'S IN THAT CAR!







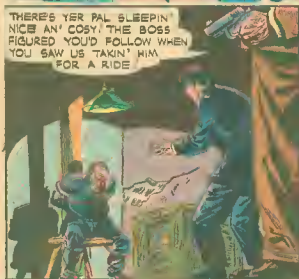
SOMEHOW I HAVE
A QUEER FEELING
THAT TRAIL WAS
DELIBERATELY
LEFT FOR ME
TO FOLLOW



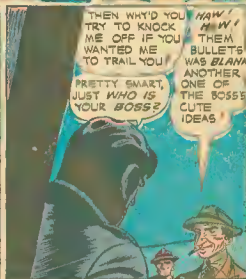
HOW RIGHT YOU
ARE COPPER!
REACH



WALK STRAIGHT AHEAD
CHUMP.. WE GOT JUST
WHAT YOU WANT
INSIDE



THERE'S YER PAL SLEEPIN
NICE AN' COSY. THE BOSS
FIGURED YOU'D FOLLOW WHEN
YOU SAW US TAKIN' HIM
FOR A RIDE



THEN WHY'D YOU
TRY TO KNOCK
ME OFF IF YOU
WANTED ME
TO TRAIL YOU!

PRETTY SMART,
JUST WHO IS
YOUR BOSS?

HAW!
H W!
THEM
BULLETS
WAS **BLANK**.
ANOTHER
ONE OF
THE BOSS'S
CUTE
IDEAS!



HERE I AM PATROLMAN
BURLAND! **NEEDLENOODLE**
AT YOUR SERVICE!

NEEDLENOODLE!
WOW! TALK
ABOUT
CHARACTERS!

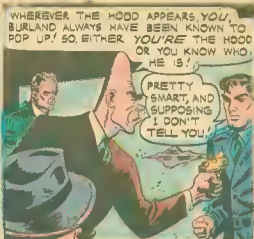


JUST WHAT IS
YOUR GAME
NEEDLENOODLE?

VERY SIMPLE, BURLAND!
MERELY TO TAKE
OVER THE RACKS
IN NORTHVILLE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD POSSIBLY STOP ME... THE **BLACK HOOD**! SO I DECIDED TO FIND OUT JUST WHO THE HOOD IS AND GET RID OF HIM! THAT'S WHY I LURED YOU HERE!



WHEREVER THE HOOD APPEARS, YOU, BURLAND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO POP UP! SO, EITHER YOU'RE THE HOOD OR YOU KNOW WHO HE IS!

PRETTY SMART, AND SUPPOSING I DON'T TELL YOU!



YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE, BURLAND! EITHER YOU TALK, OR YOUR FRIEND DIES...AND YOU WITH HIM!



YOU DIRTY MURDERING RAT! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!



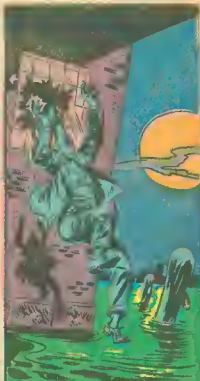
WHAT A SPOT! NEEDLENOODLE MEANS BUSINESS! ONCE THE **BLACK HOOD**'S EXPOSED, HE'S THROUGH! AND YET I CAN'T LET HIM KILL MAC! I CAN'T!



THE **BLACK HOOD**! THEN I WAS RIGHT!

YES, NEEDLENOODLE! YOU WIN!!





WHEN I HAPPENED
ALONG AND KIND
OF PUT THOSE
IDEAS OUT OF
THEIR HEAD

GEE, THANKS,
HOOD! WHY
THE DIRTY
BUMS!

WELL I GUESS YOU CAN
TAKE OVER NOW, SO
I'LL JUST RUN ALONG

SURE I KIN
HANDLE 'EM
MESELF NOW
YOU RUN ALONG
HOOD!

U.P.. THE BLACK
HOOD! WHAT AM I
SAYIN'

DAGNAB IT, HOOD!
YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS!
COME BACK
HERE, BLAST
YOU!

HA!
HA!

OH, WHAT A SAP!
I HAD 'IM RIGHT IN THE
PALM OF ME HAND, AND
I LET 'IM GET AWAY!

O-O-O-OH!

HOW COULD I BE
SO DUMB? THE
COMMISSIONER HAS
A RIGHT TO BUST
ME.. OLD MC. GINTY
IS SLIPPING!

LATER.. WELL, I GOT
THOSE
BUMS ON ICE, BUT I'D
TRADE 'EM ALL FOR
THE BLACK HOOD!
I KIN STILL KICK
MESELF FOR BEIN'
SUCH A SAP! OH, WELL,
MIGHT AS WELL GET
A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP AND TRYN
FORGET
IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE
BLACK HOOD'S APARTMENT.

WELL, BY TOMORROW, THE NEWS WILL
BE ALL OVER TOWN, THAT KIP BURLAND
IS THE BLACK HOOD! NEEDLE
NODULE WILL
SEE TO THAT



ANYWAY THAT SOLVES
ONE PROBLEM, NOW I CAN
SAVE MC.GINTY'S JOB!
AS LONG AS I'M GOING
TO BE EXPOSED MAC'S
GOING TO BE THE
ONE TO DO IT.



FIRST TO WAKE
THE SARGE OUT
OF HIS SWEET
DREAMS



AT THIS MOMENT, LET US LOOK IN ON
MC. GINTY'S SWEET DREAMS.



MOAN!
MOAN





YI! HALP!
HE'S GOT ME
WH. WHAT
HUH?



WHEW! IT WAS
ONLY THE PHONE.
WHAT A RELIEF!



HELLO-- WHAT? WHERE?
THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S
OFFICE? ARE YOU SURE?
HEY.. WHO IS THIS?
HE HUNG UP

CLICK!



WOW! IF THAT TIP
WUZ TRUE--

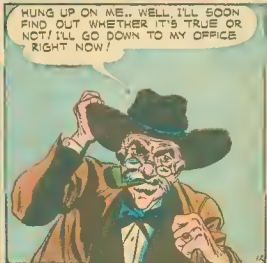


..I'LL HAVE THE HOOD
ON ICE IN ABOUT TEN
MINUTES! AND THIS TIME
HE WON'T SLIP
AWAY!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE HOUSE
OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER..



HELLO-- WHAT? MC GINT
CAPTURED THE BLACK HOOD
IN MY OFFICE--INCREDIBLE
SAY.. WHO IS
THIS?



HUNG UP ON ME.. WELL, I'LL SOON
FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S TRUE OR
NOT! I'LL GO DOWN TO MY OFFICE
RIGHT NOW!

(PUFF, PUFF) THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE AT LAST, AND SOMEONE'S IN IT, ALL RIGHT



MC. GINTY'S FOOT CATCHES IN THE RUG.



OW-W! ME EYE!



LET ME HELP YOU UP, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OOOO... I'M BLIND! I CAN'T SEE A THING!



ULP. IT'S TRUE! MC. GINTY CAPTURED THE BLACK HOOD!



GOOD WORK, SARGE! YOU FOUGHT HIM TO A STANDSTILL!

HULP... I DID? ER... AH... THAT IS... ULP... I DID!



AND NOW MR. BLACK HOOD WE'LL FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE



WELL, I'LL BE! KIP BURLAND!



MY BEST FRIEND!
MY PAL, 'HOW COULD
YOU DO THIS TO ME!
WORKIN' WITH THE
CROOKS ALL THE
TIME YOU WERE
A COP!

NO, MAC, YOU'RE
DEAD WRONG! THE
BLACK HOOD
WORKED AGAINST
THE CROOKS,
AT ALL TIMES!

THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE, **THAT HE DID!**
THAT'S NOT WHY I WANTED THE
HOOD CAUGHT! I WANTED TO
ASK HIM TO WORK FOR THE
NORTHVILLE POLICE
OFFICIALLY!

THANKS
A LOT,
COMMISSIONER
BUT I HAVE A
**BETTER
IDEA!**

A FEW WEEKS LATER...

SO, THAT'S
WHAT HE MEANT
BY A BETTER
IDEA!

MAYBE IT
IS AT THAT!

BLACK HOOD
DETECTIVE AGENCY

WHAT'S THE IDEA BRANCHIN' OUT FER YERSELF, HOOD?

WELL, THIS WAY I
DON'T HAVE TO
CRAMP MY STYLE WITH
RULES AND REGULATIONS
SARGE

HOW ABOUT THAT
NEEDLENOODLE
CHARACTER.. DO YOU
THINK YOU'LL EVER
HAVE ANYMORE
TROUBLE FROM
HIM?

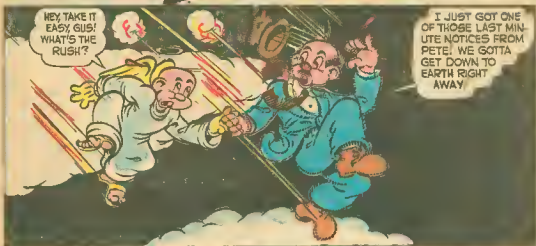
SOMETHING
TELLS ME THAT
I HAVEN'T SEEN
THE LAST OF
NEEDLENOODLE
YET!

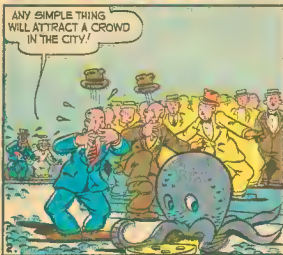
HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, HOOD! HOW
RIGHT YOU ARE! YOU'RE GOING TO
SEE A LOT OF **NEEDLENOODLE** YET..
TOO MUCH, PERHAPS..

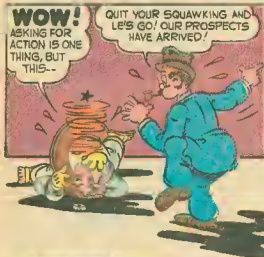
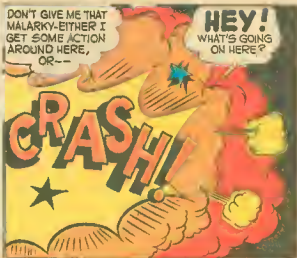
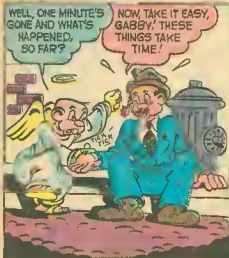
GLOOMY GUS

AND HIS ANGELIC SIDEKICK
GABBY

by
RED HOLMIDALE







IF WE DON'T ENTER INTO
THE SPIRIT OF THE THING
WE'LL NEVER GET
ANYWHERE!

OKAY, YOU'RE
CONVINCING!



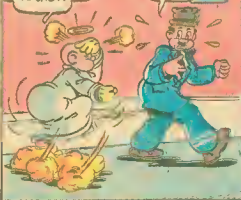
THIS ONE DOESN'T
FIT ME TOO BADLY
WHAT?

FIRST-WE'LL
FIND DIFF-
ERENT
JOBS

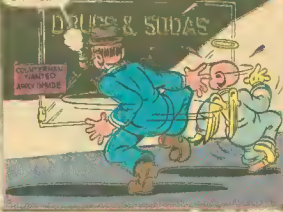


WORK?
I KNEW THIS
WAS TOO GOOD
TO LAST!

CUT IT OUT! WE'LL
GET SOFT
JOBS!



SEE GABBY?
HERE'S OUR
CHANCE!



IF YOU ASK ME THIS
IS THE JERKIEST
JOB WE COULOA
PICKED!

NEVER
SATISFIED!



OH, I WOULDN'T SAY
THAT! EVEN THIS JOB
HAS ITS SWEETER
SIDE!

HEY, LAY OFF THAT ICE
CREAM-HERE COMES
THE BOSS!



BEFORE YOU FELLOWS
BEGIN, I WANT TO BE
SURE YOU KNOW ALL
THE ANGLES!

NOBODY HAS TO
SHOW US—JUST
NAME IT!



PST, GABBY!
TAKE IT EASY,
WILL YOU?

LET'S SEE! CAN
YOU WHIP UP A
DOUBLE-
MALTED?

NOT ONLY A
DOUBLE—I'LL WHIP
UP A TRIPLE!



FIRST—A DIP
OF ICE CREAM



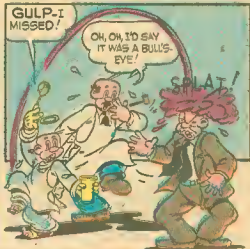
THEN A FLIP OF
THE WRIST AND—



GULP—I
MISSED!

OH, OH, I'D SAY
IT WAS A BULL'S-
EYE!

SPLAT!



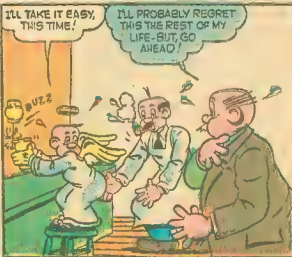
YOU HAD TO
SHOW OFF!

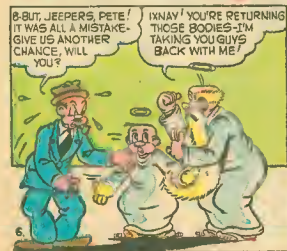
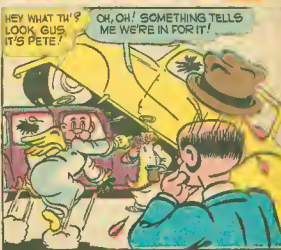
GEE WHIZ! MISTAKES
WILL HAPPEN!



I'LL TAKE IT EASY,
THIS TIME!

I'LL PROBABLY REGRET
THIS THE REST OF MY
LIFE—BUT, GO
AHEAD!





THE GREEN BEARD

A BLACK HOOD STORY

THE killer came upon Professor Robert Woodley at the proper time—when every student had gone for the day. He entered the school through an open cellar window and moved silently through the darkened halls until he reached Woodley's room. Then he opened the door and shot Woodley three times in the back.

The killer was a very ordinary looking man—almost. He had on a plain grey business suit, a plain grey topcoat, and his shirt and tie were in very good taste. Yes, the killer was a very ordinary looking man, except for one thing.

He wore a long green beard. . . .

Gerald Lane, red-headed young professor of Mathematics at Woodley's college, told The Hood about it. He met The Hood by appointment, and in a taxicab which slowly wended its way through the city streets, he told The Hood the entire story.

"There's no doubt," said Lane, "that the murder was committed by either Jenkins, Keller, or myself. That's why I've asked you to investigate the murder. Each of us insists that he didn't do it—but one of us is lying. We want you to find the murderer and clear the other two.

"Wait a minute," said The Hood. "Let me get this straight. You say a police officer saw the murderer enter the cellar window?"

"Yes," said Lane, impatiently. "The murderer first caught the policeman's eye because he was wearing a green beard—fancy that, a green beard! The officer started toward the murderer, thinking he was a maniac or something like that . . . but before he got halfway down the block toward him, the murderer had popped into the school building through the cellar window."

"I see," said The Hood. "Then the policeman jumped into the building after the

green-bearded man, but lost him in the maze of rooms and stairways. Then, while he was looking around, he heard the shots coming from Woodley's room. Correct?"

"That's it," said Lane. "The officer followed the sound of the shots, and he arrived in Woodley's room just in time to see the killer, but lost him again in the maze of rooms. The school is fairly small, but an inexperienced man could get lost in it easily enough . . . so many stairways and rooms, you know." He paused for breath. "At any rate, the officer realized that he didn't stand much chance of locating the killer by himself, so he rushed downstairs, ascertained—luckily for him, I might add, there were people near the cellar window and the only entrance, at the front—ascertained that the killer hadn't escaped, and summoned more police. Then they searched the building, and found that only Keller, Jenkins and I were in the building. There was absolutely no one else there. Even the janitor had gone out some hours previous."

"I see," said The Hood, again. He seemed lost in thought.

"That's the set up," finished Lane. "All three of us had motives for killing Woodley. We were in the building at the time of the murder to collect our papers and belongings preparatory to leaving for good. Woodley had fired all of us because our political beliefs differed from his. . . ."

The Hood sighed. "Tell me," he said, "didn't you or Jenkins or Keller hear the sounds of the shots?"

"No," said Lane, decisively. "Our offices are located on the floor below. It would be physically impossible to hear the shots from where we were situated." He smiled, suddenly. "You'll note that I say our offices are located on the floor below. Since Woodley is dead, I'm quite sure that the new

school Dean will permit us to retain our positions."

"Very interesting," said The Hood. "Another question now, please. What were your next moves—you three? I mean, where would you have gone had Woodley lived and you'd been forced to leave the school?"

"Well," said Lane, "Jenkins and Keller were entering the Navy as technical officers. Jenkins is an Engineering expert; and Keller is a very competent Chemistry man." He chuckled. "You know, this murder is an especial break for me. I don't know where I would have gone from here. I tried to enter the service along with Jenkins and Keller—and my Math experience would have gained me a commission, but the doctors rejected me on one minor physical point."

The Hood's eyes had lit up. Very casually, he said, "Tell me one more thing, Lane. Do you drive a car?"

Lane looked at him narrowly. "No," he said. "My license was refused."

"Well!" said The Hood. "Was your license, too, refused on a minor physical point?"

Before Lane could answer the taxi ground to a halt. "Here we are," said Lane. "I live on the fifth floor. Jenkins and Keller are waiting for us."

The two men took the self-operating elevator up, and entered a wide living room. Jenkins and Keller rose to greet them.

"Sorry I took so long in arriving," said Lane, "but I had to explain the entire case to The Hood."

"And a very thorough job you did of it too, Mr. Lane," The Hood conceded. "Before I begin I want to ask one question." The Hood pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket. "Gentlemen, I want to ask you the color of this handkerchief."

The Hood smiled grimly at the bewildered faces of the three men. "You first, Mr. Lane. What is the color of this handkerchief?"

"Uh . . . Why, it's uh . . . red," Lane stammered.

There was a split second of silence. And then Jenkins and Keller burst out, together,

"Lane, The Hood's handkerchief is——" They stopped together.

"Exactly," said The Hood. "My handkerchief is green. You understand now what I understood minutes ago. Lane killed Woodley!"

Lane said, "No!" once, his voice choked.

"Yes," said The Hood. "The green beard started me on the solution. The beard was obviously false . . . admitted. Now the reason a man would wear a false beard when about to commit a murder is obvious: for disguise purposes, of course. But why a green beard?"

He looked around him. "There are only two possible answers. One, the killer was insane . . . but the methodical manner in which the murder was committed discounts the possibility of insanity. Then how about the other possibility? The killer wore a green beard . . . because he was colorblind!"

Lane cringed against the wall.

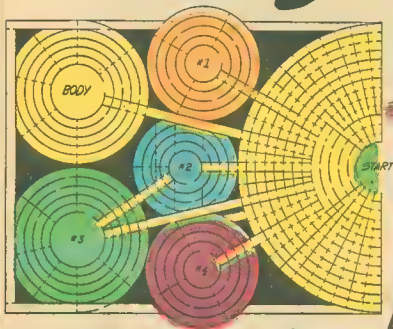
"Lane had a brilliant idea: he'd kill Woodley—but he'd do it from the outside, so that no suspicion would be thrown on him. He went into a masquerader's and selected a beard from the typical beard display you'll find in those shops. Lane has the most common form of colorblindness—where red seems green, and green seems red. So, Lane selected the green beard, and the masquerader, who is used to selling these for comic parties, sold it to him without comment. Then Lane, thinking he had bought a red beard to match his hair, proceeded to commit the murder. When he saw the policeman chasing him, he went to his office, and pretended to have been there all the time."

The Hood stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence. Then Lane laughed, a short, bitter laugh. And as he laughed, he leaped . . . away from The Hood, right toward a nearby window. There was a splintering sound as he crashed through.

He was dead a minute after he hit the ground. His body was crushed, and blood was splattered all over the sidewalk—blood which, oddly enough, would have looked green to him, had he been alive to see it.

Black HOOD

PUZZLE PAGE



ASCT

HERE ARE FOUR, AND FOUR ONLY, WORDS HIDDEN IN THE ABOVE SCRAMBLE! PUT ON YOUR DETECTIVE GUIT AND SEE IF YOU CAN TRACK DOWN THE FOUR WORDS!!

1 - _ _ _ _
2 - _ _ _ _
3 - _ _ _ _
4 - _ _ _ _

THE KIDNAPPING OF VERA GUINEVERE DE LA VERE

VERA HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND KIP BURLAND THINKS SHE MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED!

WHILE KIP IS RAPIDLY CHANGING INTO HIS BLACK HOOD COSTUME, TAKE YOUR PENCIL AND WHEN THE BLACK HOOD IS READY, MEET HIM WHERE IT SAYS "START". THEN, TOGETHER, START LOOKING THRU THE MAZE FOR VERA!

IF YOU END UP AT NO.1 CIRCLE -
START OVER!

IF AT NO.2 -
YOU HAVE A STUPID PENCIL!

IF AT NO.3 -
LET YOUR LIL' BROTHER DO TH' PUZZLE!

IF AT NO.4 -
THE BLACK HOOD FIRMS YOU!

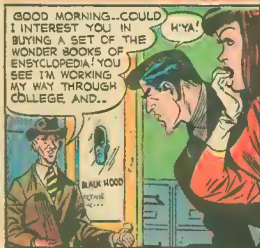
BUT IF YOU FIND THE "BODY" CIRCLE, YOU WIN!
AND THIS ENTITLES YOU TO EXTRA SOAP IN YOUR EYE WHEN YOU TAKE YOUR NEXT BATH !!!

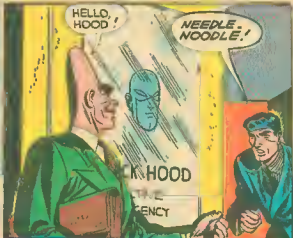
THE Black Hood

IN
NEEDLENOODLE
STRIKES BACK









LEGITIMATE, MY EYE!
THOSE BONDS ARE PROBABLY
AS PHONY AS YOU ARE!

THAT'S WHAT I
LIKE ABOUT YOU,
HOOD.. ALWAYS
READY TO
INDULGE IN A
FEW PLEASANT-
RIES! HERE,
LOOK THEM
OVER YOURSELF!

HMMMM.. THESE
BONDS ARE GENUINE
ALRIGHT!

NEEDLENOODLE'S UP TO
SOMETHING! I WONDER
WHAT IT IS! THE ONLY
WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO
PLAY BALL WITH HIM!

OKAY, BABS!
GET TO
WORK!

HUH..
WORK..
WHY.. WHA..

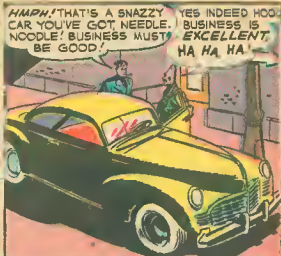
WELL, I'VE GOT A
GOOD PAYING CLIENT,
AND I'LL REALLY NEED
A SECRETARY NOW!
SO THE JOB'S
YOURS!

OH!

THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK,
HOOD! NO CHILDISH FEELING
ABOUT THE...ER... PAST!
NOW IF YOU'RE READY,
LET'S GO!



SO LONG, BABBS
TAKE OFF YOUR
HAT AND MAKE
YOURSELF
COMFORTABLE



HMPH! THAT'S A SNAZZY
CAR YOU'VE GOT, NEEDLE.
NOODLE! BUSINESS MUST
BE GOOD!

YES INDEED HOOD.
BUSINESS IS
EXCELLENT,
HA HA HA



OKAY, "BOSS" WHERE
DO WE GO FROM
HERE

TO SEE
A VERY
IMPORTANT
CLIENT



THE WATERFRONT
IS PRETTY ROUGH
NEIGHBORHOOD FOR
BOND BUYERS!

THAT IS PRECISELY
WHY I HIRED YOU
FOR, PROTECTION!

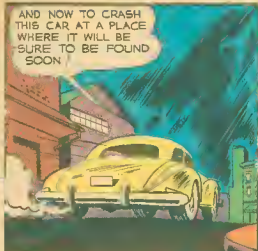


LOOK NEEDLENOODLE, LET'S
STOP PLAYING AROUND. I KNOW
YOU'RE UP TO NO GOOD, AND
YOU KNOW IT

TSK, TSK... SUCH A
SUSPICIOUS NATURE
HOOD, VERY WELL
YOU SHALL KNOW
RIGHT NOW WHAT
I'M UP TO







IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE! WITH ALL THIS EVIDENCE STACKED AGAINST YOU! WE COULD THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!



THE *ONLY* EVIDENCE IN YOUR FAVOR WOULD BE BARBARA SUTTON'S STORY!

BABS! HOLY JOE, NEEDLENOODLE'S SURE TO TRY AND GET AT HER. I'VE GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!



WE'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU UNTIL-- UGH--

SORRY GENTLEMEN! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!



HE'S MAKING FOR THE WINDOW! STOP HIM, MC. GINTY!

HOW CAN I WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY NECK!



THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME... THIS IS MY *ONLY* CHANCE OF CLEARING MYSELF AND BRINGING THAT KILLER TO JUSTICE!



BLAST YOU HOOD! COME BACK HERE!



MEANWHILE...

THE LAST PICK AND
I'VE HAD SIX WINNERS
SO FAR.



I'LL TURN ON THE RADIO AND
LISTEN TO THE NEWS REPORTS.



JUST THEN...

NEEDLENOODLE
WHERE'S THE
HOOD?

I'M AFRAID HE HAD
A LITTLE RUN-IN
WITH THE POLICE!



I'VE CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED IT SO THAT
THE HOOD HAS BEEN PICKED UP ON A
MURDER CHARGE. NATURALLY, I'LL HAVE
TO ELIMINATE YOU TOO!



YOU SEE WITH THE HOOD OUT OF MY
WAY I FEEL A LOT SAFER CONDUCTING
MY...**BUSINESS**. I DON'T
ANTICIPATE TOO MUCH TROUBLE
WITH THE STUPID NORTHVILLE
POLICE!



CALLING ALL CARS! CALLING ALL
CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR
THE HOOD, WHO HAS JUST
ESCAPED! HE'S WANTED FOR
MURDER!

WHA--THE
HOOD
ESCAPED!





SAY! WHAT'S **THAT**! I THOUGHT I
TOSSED THIS PUNCH BOARD
INTO THE WASTE BASKET..



HMMM.. SOMEONE HAS PUNCHED
OUT ALL THE RED DISCS TOO.. BUT
THEY'RE NOT AROUND ANYWHERE..
I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE
HAPPENED TO THEM!



HELLO, HERE'S
ONE, RIGHT
NEAR THE
DOOR!



OF COURSE.. I GET IT! BABS
MUST HAVE DROPPED THESE
DISCS AS A **TRAIL** FOR
ME TO FOLLOW! LET'S SEE
IF THERE ARE ANY MORE
OUT IN THE HALL!



I WAS RIGHT! HERE'S ANOTHER
ONE BY THESE FIRE STEPS! THAT
MEANS **NEEDLENOODLE** TOOK
HER OUT THE BACK WAY, RATHER
THAN RISK USING THE
ELEVATOR!



THE **BLACK HOOD** EASILY PICKS UP THE **TRAIL**,
WHICH LEADS HIM THROUGH THE **BLACK ALLEYS**
TO A BUILDING IN THE NEXT BLOCK..



BLACK HOOD'S
BUILDING..
TRAIL BEGINS
HERE..

TRAIL ENDS HERE

WELL I'LL BE.. THIS GUY'S
BEEN OPERATING JUST A
BLOCK AWAY FROM
MY OFFICE !

MEANWHILE...

AND NOW MY DEAR,
WE'LL JUST WAIT AND
SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

PLENTY'S
GONNA HAPPEN,
NEEDLENOODLE,
AND ALL TO
YOU !

THE
HOOD !

O.K. BROTHER !
YOU'VE HAD
THIS COMING TO
YOU FOR A LONG
TIME !

NOW, NOW, HOOD !
DON'T BE TOO
IMPULSIVE ! JUST
LOOK BEHIND
YOU !

HUH ?

SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU ?
YOU SEE I WAS QUITE
PREPARED FOR YOU !

YOUR LADY FRIEND WAS CLEVER !
BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH ! I SAW
HER DROP THOSE DISCS !
I KNEW YOU'D BE SMART ENOUGH
TO PICK UP THE TRAIL AND FOLLOW
US HERE.. AND YOU
DID !

THE WAY THINGS STAND NOW, IT COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT, IF I PLANNED IT MYSELF! YOU'RE A WANTED MAN, HOOD! IN FACT THERE'S EVEN A **REWARD** ON YOUR HEAD! SO NATURALLY, BEING A LAW ABIDING CITIZEN, I SHALL BE **FORCED TO TURN YOU IN...**

HA, HA, HA...



ISN'T THAT THE FUNNIEST THING YOU EVER HEARD OF, HOOD! **FIRST I FRAME YOU, THEN I COLLECT A REWARD FOR CAPTURING YOU... HO-HO-HO-HO...** A STROKE OF GENIUS... IF I DO SAY SO, MYSELF!

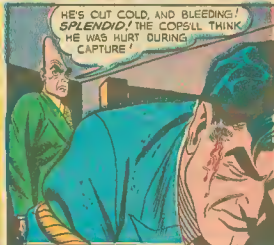
GENIUS! MY EYE! YOU'RE A DIRTY SADISTIC KILLER!



I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED NAMES HOOD!



HE'S OUT COLD, AND BLEEDING! **SPLENDID!** THE COPS'LL THINK HE WAS HURT DURING CAPTURE!



I'M GOING AFTER THE POLICE ZIGGY, HIDE THE GIRL, AND THEN STAND WATCH OVER THE HOOD!



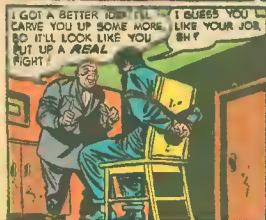
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

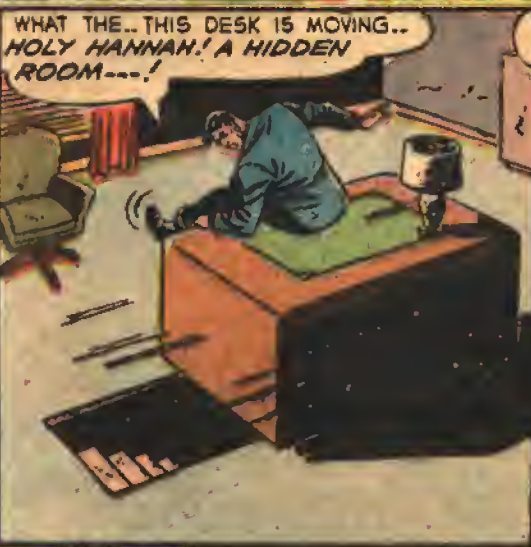
YOU SAY YOU'VE CAPTURED THE **BLACK HOOD!**

I THINK HE'S LYIN' COMMISSIONER!

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO PROVE, GENTLEMEN! JUST FOLLOW ME!









AS SOON AS I RELEASE
YOU YOU'LL FIND OUT
WHAT'S WHAT
HERE



SO THAT'S NEEDLENOODLE'S
GAME...USING THESE PRESSES
TO PRINT COUNTERFEIT BONDS
WELL..WHEN THE POLICE
GET HERE WE'LL FIX HIS
WAGON...BUT GOOD



HERE WE ARE
GENTLEMEN! YOU
MAY AS WELL
TURN THE MONEY
OVER TO ME
RIGHT NOW



I GIVE YOU
THE **BLACK..**
HOW--
WHA..

HELLO, NEEDLE-
NOODLE. YOU KEPT
ME WAITING A LONG
TIME



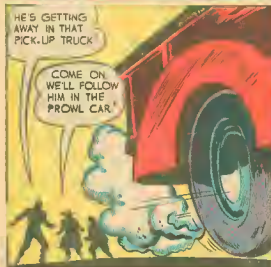
COMMISSIONER, THIS IS THE
GUY WHO COMMITTED THAT
MURDER, NOT THE HOOD!
NEEDLENOODLE WANTED
HIM OUT OF THE WAY, SO
HE COULD OPERATE HIS
COUNTERFEIT BOND
RACKET WITHOUT HAVING
THE HOOD ON HIS NECK!
AND WE'VE GOT ALL THE
EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT!

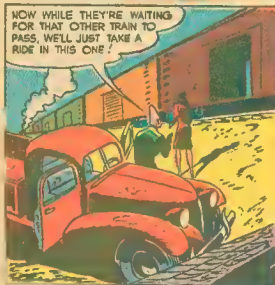
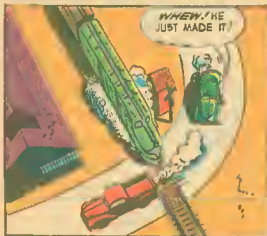


THAT'S RIGHT, GENTS!
STEP THIS WAY, AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!

**THE
BLACK
HOOD!**







WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT FREIGHT
WOULD NEVER PASS! STEP ON IT,
MAC! THAT WAS A SLOW TRUCK HE
WAS DRIVING! WE CAN STILL
OVERHAUL HIM!



LOOK! HE'S HOPPED INTO
ANOTHER TRAIN AND
HE'S GOT BABS WITH
HIM!



COME DOWN OUT OF THERE
NEEDLENOODLE, YOUR
GAME'S UP!



NOT QUITE, HOOD! I'VE
GOT ONE MORE TRUMP
CARD! HERE SHE
IS!



HOW'S
SHE,
HOOD?

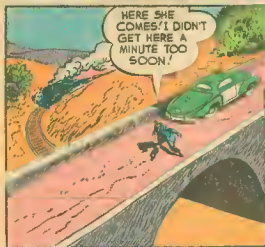
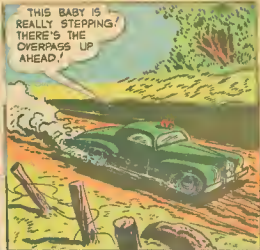
I DON'T KNOW,
COMMISSIONER!
THAT TRAIN WAS
MOVING PRETTY
FAST WHEN HE
PUSHED HER!

YOU DIRTY KILLER,
WE'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS!



YOU GET HER TO A HOSPITAL!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT RAT!







I'M GETTING OFF THIS
TRAIN WHILE HE'S

WATCH OUT
FOR THAT
WHEEL BRAKE
NEEDLENOODLE

HUH?...UH!
NO... O-- NO..
HELP ME!

LATER... GOSH!
I STOPPED
THE TRAIN AS
SOON AS I
COULD

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT
ALTHOUGH YOU DID SAVE
THE STATE SOME ELECTRIC
CURRENT

WELL THAT'S THE
END OF NEEDLENOODLE
COMMISSIONER. BETTER
SEND FOR THE MEAT
WAGON TO PICK UP
THE BODY!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS, MR.
SHERLOCK HOLMES! YOU
CLEANED UP YOUR *FIRST*
CASE! TOO BAD, THERE
WASN'T A *FEE* IN
IT FOR YOU!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG!
THE BONDING COMPANY SENT
ME A *ME A NICE FAT*
CHECK! NOW YOU
NAME *YOUR* REWARD!

WELL, LET ME
SEE..

NYLONS!
NEEDLENOODLE MADE
ME GET A RUN IN
MY LAST PAIR!

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